



I'LL NEVER FORGET THEE.

"Forget thee?"—If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day—
If all the worship, deep and wild,
A poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee
To heaven's protecting power—
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,
A thousand in an hour—
If busy Fancy blending thee
With all my future lot,
If this thou call'st "forgetting,"
Thou indeed shalt be forgot !

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune ;
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget
To swell beneath the moon ;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink
The eve's refreshing dew,
Thyself forget thine "own dear land,"
And its "mountains wild and blue ;"
Forget each old familiar face,
Each long-remembered spot—
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then thou shalt be forgot !

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace
Still calm and fancy free ;
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
Should grow less glad for me.
Yet, while that heart is still unwon,
Oh ! bid not mine to rove,
But let it muse its humble faith,
And uncomplaining love.
If these preserved for patient years
At last avail me not,
Forget me then—but ne'er believe
That thou canst be forgot !

